wednesday's child is full of woe

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wednesday's child is full of woe

by tyunderclouds (soupbeanluvr)

Summary

Kai is sulky because he loses his game, and doesn't feel like talking. Taehyun thinks Kai doesn't want to talk to *him*.

Notes

This is complete fiction, and implies nothing about the people whose names are utilized. If you got here by googling yourself or because a fan linked you, you should click the back button.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Did you lose?” The staff member’s voice echoes through the hallway.

Taehyun strains his ears to hear Kai’s answer, but there is none. Earlier, he heard Kai cheer, “first place!” before singing excitedly. Taehyun guesses that it’s the same thing.

“What did Kai lose?” Taehyun whispers urgently to Soobin, who’s looking into the camera and showing off his hairclips. He tries to lean closer to ask again, but a tap on his shoulder draws him back. Right, he’s not supposed to be moving.

What did Kai lose?

When he’s allowed to go, he immediately goes to Kai’s side. Someone is filming him, and someone is helping him into his white jacket. Kai is smiling kind of flatly, not really looking at the camera, keeping his head partially down, not speaking. As soon as he’s done, he turns around, giving the camera (and Taehyun) a view of his broad back.

Taehyun ducks under a camera as he hurries to get closer to Kai.

“Kai-yah,” he says, “Kai-yah, what’s wrong?”

Kai slows down and turns his head slightly, but doesn’t answer. Taehyun inhales a little more deeply, as if doing so will help with his weaker beta nose. He’s always been sensitive to smells, but unfortunately it doesn’t translate to being able to pick up emotion. He slows down, and turns his head slightly towards Taehyun, and gives him the same flat smile. Taehyun stops walking.

Maybe Kai doesn’t want to talk, he reasons. Taehyun doesn’t want to be a bother.

(*“Taehyun-ah, why do you always have to ask so many questions?”*

“Taehyun-ah, I’m tired right now.”

“Taehyun-ah, not the time.”)

He’ll leave Kai alone for now, he thinks, as he watches Kai’s retreating back. One of his hands comes up to twist at the cuff of his jacket, and he has to force his hands down. He can’t risk breaking the jacket out of sheer fidgetiness.

A cold breeze greets Taehyun as he exits the waiting room, and he

shivers.

For the rest of the day, Taehyun tries to give Kai some space. The others talk to him a little, but they're better at being comforting than him, he thinks. Taehyun lets the other hyungs do what they're best at, sure that Kai will be more talkative later.

Kai is not more talkative later. He's chatty with the others, of course, going along with whatever Beomgyu says, teasing Yeonjun and Soobin a little. He doesn't speak to Taehyun.

"Kai-yah," he tries to say, but he can't speak properly. His mouth is sticking together the way he sticks to his clothes when his skin is wet. It catches on itself, and no words come out.

Kai isn't looking at him. He's smiling at Soobin, but Taehyun can see the off-ness in it. He thinks something is wrong.

"Soobin-hyung," Kai says. He's half-curled around Soobin, one leg under himself and one knee over Soobin's lap, his head resting on Soobin's shoulder. One of his hands rests lightly on Soobin's tummy.

Taehyun watches as Soobin's hand- the arm that Kai's leaning against- comes up to stroke at Kai's hair and feels irrationally jealous of both of them. Soobin's lap is *his* spot. Kai is *his* person.

"Mmph?" Soobin looks like he's kind of falling asleep.

"Soobin-hyung, can I sleep in your room tonight?" Kai asks. His words are muffled slightly, because he's speaking into Soobin's shoulder.

"Beomgyu," Soobin says (Beomgyu perks up, hearing his name, but relaxes and sinks back into the curled-up shrimp position he was in when there's no follow-up). He doesn't have to say anything else (or he shouldn't. Taehyun thinks, *If Soobin-hyung had said it to me, I would have known that he means "What about Beomgyu?"*)

"Can I sleep in your bed, hyung? Just for tonight?" Kai pets Soobin's tummy for a moment.

Soobin wakes up a little bit and looks more closely at Kai.

"Okay." He lets out a tired sigh. "Anything for my baby."

Taehyun wants to say, *but I'm your baby*. He can't, though, because that would be awfully immature of him, and kind of possessive too.

“Thanks, hyung. You’re my favorite.”

“Hey!” Yeonjun lets out a squawk of mock-outrage from where he’s sitting, scrolling idly on his phone. “I thought I was your favorite.”

“Didn’t you know?” teases Kai. “He’s my gum.”

Yeonjun pretends to sulk, hiding his smile.

Taehyun stands up and moves to leave the room. It’s sickening (heart-breaking, more like) to see Kai ignoring him and going to Soobin. There’s a kind of physical ache in his chest, a hollow pain that has become completely alien to him over the past few years. He hasn’t missed it.

“Where are you going?” says Beomgyu. His voice is so soft it’s almost inaudible. “Tyun-ah.”

Shit. He normally remembers to announce when he’s leaving the room. It isn’t natural to him, but he learned, because he had to.

(*“Taehyun-ah, you can’t just leave like that.” His mom had been speaking to him, but she hadn’t spoken for about a minute, so Taehyun had assumed she was finished speaking. “That’s kind of rude, don’t you think? To walk away while I’m still talking?”*

“Sorry,” Taehyun said. He turned around to face her. There was a short stretch of silence as he waited for her to continue. “Are you done?”

“Don’t speak to me that way,” his mom said.

“But you said you weren’t done talking before, even though you stopped,” Taehyun said quietly. “How am I supposed to know?”

“Are you talking back to me?” She didn’t wait for an answer, but Taehyun would have asked, how can I respond without talking back to you? *“Well? Aren’t you going to apologize?”*

“I’m sorry, mom.”)

Taehyun comes back to himself to see Beomgyu watching him with his brow furrowed slightly. Everyone always thinks that Beomgyu is would be louder with his care, but he’s more the type to look at Taehyun with those concerned eyes, like he’s doing right now. He’s worried enough that his scent, sweet and flowery (whenever it’s

strong enough for even Taehyun to be able to detect it) and suited to him, despite his alpha status, reaches Taehyun.

“Sorry,” Taehyun says. “I forgot to say. I’m going to bed now.”

“Sweet dreams, Taehyun-ah,” Beomgyu calls after him.

“Good night, darling,” Yeonjun says. “Get some sleep.”

Kai doesn’t say anything, and Soobin, who seems to be following his lead, doesn’t either.

Taehyun goes to bed troubled and unsure of where things went wrong. His stomach feels strangely empty, but he’s sure he isn’t hungry. One of the member would have told him if he were hungry, since they can always smell it, even when he can’t feel it for himself.

His heart is pounding and his body is restless and unable to relax as he slips under the covers and tries to sleep. Something prickles along the back of his arm and he scratches at it viciously. The places where the walls meet the ceiling grow blurry, and Taehyun tells himself that the tears are for the pain of his stinging arm.

Warmth on his face pulls him out of the sleepy half-asleep state he’s barely started to sink into, and he stops drifting immediately. He lifts up his head and fumbles around in the space where his head lay, searching for the source of the heat. It’s just his pillow, which is far too hot. He flips it over and tries to sleep again.

Every time Taehyun feels exhaustion creeping up, it’s like there’s a tether hooked to his mind, tugging him back into his body and not letting him sleep. After the nth failure he gives in and checks his phone. It’s barely 2 in the morning. Clearly, he’s not going to get any sleep tonight. His mind won’t let him.

Taehyun tosses and turns for several minutes before he throws his blankets off of him and immediately regrets it, because they land on his bed with a sound like something deflating.

As quietly as possible, he lowers his feet to the floor and gets up off of the bed, slowly to stop the bed from creaking. It’s futile because as soon as he takes a step, the floor creaks under him and he swears internally.

Taehyun’s loose shirt swishes around his body as he tip-toes across the

hallway, into Yeonjun's room. It's selfish, he knows, but he'll sleep better with someone else next to him.

Inch by inch, he eases Yeonjun's covers off of him. Yeonjun is a deep sleeper but he doesn't want to risk waking him up.

One leg is up on the bed, sliding under the blanket, when Taehyun's neck prickles. His eyes find Yeonjun's face in the dark. Yeonjun's eyes are open.

Taehyun lets out a startled, "shit!", and covers his mouth hurriedly.

Yeonjun's blinking at him slowly. Taehyun can't look into his eyes properly. Yeonjun has a very intense gaze, even when he's barely awake. Taehyun doesn't notice Yeonjun's hand reaching out towards him until it's wrapped around his wrist, tugging gently.

"C'mere." Yeonjun's voice, deepened and raspy with sleep, is muffled slightly by the fact that his face and most of his mouth is smushed against his pillow. "Taehyun-ah. Bed. Now. Sleep."

If Taehyun didn't hurt so much he could have laughed at Yeonjun's assertiveness, but he just lets Yeonjun pull him into bed. He scoots closer, even when Yeonjun stops squeezing his arm insistently, burying his nose into Yeonjun's neck and inhaling the little scent he can smell. Yeonjun smells warm and sleepy and contented. He smells like pure omega.

It should soothe him, but it doesn't. Instead, his throat feels tight all over again, and his eyes hurt. He should be crying right now, he thinks.

(*"Taehyun-ah, you don't even seem like you're sorry." One of his friends was looking at him in disappointment.*

"How can I seem sorry?" Taehyun asked. It was a real question. "I don't know how anyone seems *sorry. You just are."*

"Can't you just show that you're sorry? Why do you have to be like this?"

What his friend was really saying was, "What's wrong with you?")

There are a lot of memories like that, but Taehyun doesn't know what's wrong with him. There was that one time in middle school- way before debut- when he was pulled out of class and had to go to

the doctor and take a lot of tests. They never told him what was wrong with him, but his parents sometimes looked at him a little differently, and sometimes they stopped in the middle of yelling at him and just sighed, so maybe the doctor told them what was wrong with him.

But then, when he was a trainee, he met Beomgyu, who understood. Taehyun felt instinctually that something about Beomgyu was similar to him upon meeting him. Beomgyu *gets* him. Soobin is a little bit the same way, too, but he gets emotions in a way that Taehyun naturally struggles with.

Yeonjun and Kai aren't quite the same, but Kai is an angel and sticks with Taehyun no matter what (or did, anyway) and Yeonjun is so sweet and accepting and loving that he will let Taehyun crawl into bed with him so late at night that it's the morning.

The biggest difference is that the others, as alphas and omegas, can smell things and pick up on emotions and what people want to hear better than Taehyun can.

Taehyun still feels left out in that way.

Today– yesterday, by now– is another memory to add to his box of failures, where he does the wrong thing.

His eyes feel hot again, and he clings harder to Yeonjun, seeking comfort. A few minutes later Yeonjun pulls away and looks at his face anxiously.

"Oh, Taehyun-ah," he says quietly, wiping under Taehyun's eyes, and Taehyun realizes that he's wiping away tears. Taehyun's tears. Taehyun is crying. "Darling, what's wrong?"

Taehyun can't open his mouth. His jaw is locked tight, and his throat is aching. He feels more tears running down his cheeks, and they're an awful mixture of frustration and some other painful thing he can't name. A whimper is all that slips out.

Yeonjun wraps his arms (*strong, safe,* Taehyun thinks hazily) around Taehyun, shifts both of their bodies so that Taehyun is lying on top of him, and guides his head towards himself, letting Taehyun nuzzle against his neck. He strokes Taehyun's hair and lets Taehyun cry silently.

Taehyun has cried a veritable ocean into Yeonjun's neck, probably

getting his sleep shirt all snotty, by the time he's able to speak again.

"It's- it's *Kai*," Taehyun sniffles.

"What about Kai?" Yeonjun murmurs against Taehyun's hair. "Hmm?"

Taehyun squirms downward, buries his face in Yeonjun's chest, and turns his cheek to put his ear up against Yeonjun's heart, soothed by the steady beat of it.

"Kai," he hiccups, "Kai *hates* me now." He lets out another soft whimper, and squeezes his eyes shut against another flood of tears.

"Oh, sweetheart," Yeonjun says. He sits up and hauls Taehyun up into his lap. He cups Taehyun's cheeks in his hands. "Kai doesn't hate you. Why do you think he hates you?"

"He- he won't talk to me," gasps Taehyun, and the last word is swept up by another sob. He buries his face into Yeonjun's neck again as his lungs heave with the force of his crying. "He won't even- even *look* at me. He doesn't like me anymore."

"Taehyun-ah." Yeonjun starts to rub circles against Taehyun's back. "Sweetie, he was sulking because he lost his game."

"It was after that," Taehyun cries. "Hyung, he hates me."

"Just sleep for now, okay," Yeonjun soothes. "We can talk to him in the morning."

Taehyun sniffles, just one last time, and nods, letting Yeonjun lay both of them down. Taehyun finally falls asleep, exhausted.

Rectangles of light peeking past Yeonjun's curtains greet Taehyun in the morning, and he has to scrub at his eyes to get them to open properly. His muscles are still looser than usual, his body instinctually relaxing at the stronger-than-usual layer of Yeonjun's soft omega scent surrounding him. It takes him a minute to remember everything. When he does, he feels shitty again.

His gaze falls on Yeonjun, still sleeping peacefully. Yeonjun's face is a little puffy, lips pouting because his face is smushed against a pillow, and his cheeks are rounder and cuter than usual.

When he ventures out into the living room he wonders if something is wrong with the dorm, because the floorboards squeak with every step.

It's only when the members come into view that he realizes it's Soobin's squeaky laughter he's hearing. Kai has his head in Soobin's lap, his hair adorably messy, and Soobin is taking a picture of him.

Taehyun's lips pull back from his teeth slightly, and he doesn't hear the faint rumble coming from his chest until Soobin and Kai both look up in alarm. Kai looks away immediately after seeing Taehyun. Soobin's smile drops instantly, and his expression is closed. His face is a wall. Taehyun feels as though he's run into a wall.

He doesn't feel like eating anymore. He turns around and leaves the room.

He walks straight into Beomgyu, who's walking while putting on his socks. Beomgyu lets out a grunt as they collide, Taehyun's face against Beomgyu's shoulder.

Beomgyu yelps. "Oh!" he says, reaching out to brush against Taehyun's faintly throbbing cheek. "Oh, that's going to bruise, isn't it?"

"Sorry, hyung," Taehyun says. "I'm going to shower now."

Even in the shower, Taehyun finds it hard to move. The shower tiles stare back at him unforgivingly, but he doesn't fully see them. He has to forcibly drag himself out of his thoughts and actually wash himself.

Taehyun steps out as if coming out of the haze of a dream. He almost takes Kai's towel by accident, subconsciously reaching out for his scent (he wonders how quickly he would forget Kai's scent if he went without it) and his arm hovers in the air for several moments.

When he's out of the shower, wet hair falling into his eyes, he sees Yeonjun standing in front of their kitchen table, his arms crossed. Yeonjun has a serious expression on his face. Taehyun almost winces (*Taehyun-ah, look at how much trouble you're causing*) at the scene. Beomgyu hovers, looking unsure of how to alleviate things (Taehyun suddenly feels a rush of affection for Beomgyu's constant attempts to lighten the mood).

Soobin has an arm slung protectively across Kai's broad shoulders, and even though they are close to the same height, he looks noodly and thin like a whippet next to Kai, who is pouting a little bit.

"Kai-yah," Yeonjun says, "What is going on between you and Taehyun?"

“Taehyun didn’t want to talk to my baby Hyuka,” Soobin interjects, holding Kai closer.

“Kai-yah,” Yeonjun repeats, a little more sharply. He turns and sees Taehyun lingering nearby. “Taehyun-ah, come here. After Kai tells me what’s wrong, I want an explanation from you, too. You’re not off the hook.”

Taehyun shuffles forward reluctantly, and he sees Beomgyu’s nose twitch a second before Beomgyu grabs his wrist and tugs him towards him.

“Come here. I can smell how sad you are, Taehyun-ah,” Beomgyu says quietly, before continuing in a loud whisper, “Sit next to me while hyung talks.”

“Hyung isn’t going to be talking,” Yeonjun says pointedly. “Kai-yah. Taehyun-ah. Hyung is waiting.” He puts his hands on his hips and taps his foot for emphasis.

“I didn’t get first place yesterday,” Kai says, his face flat and unsmiling again like yesterday.

“Okay, and?” prompts Yeonjun. “What does that have to do with Taehyun?”

“Taehyun didn’t talk to me afterwards.” The silence afterwards is broken only by the shift of fabric as Kai squirms and twists sideways to lay his head on Soobin’s arm, and then puts a hand over Soobin’s tummy.

Yeonjun turns his stern expression on Taehyun next. “Taehyun-ah?”

“He didn’t want to talk to me!” The words burst out of Taehyun, and he wants to swallow them back up immediately. “Kai lost his game and I *tried* to talk and he ignored me. Hyung, he didn’t want me around.”

“Did you ask him?” Yeonjun asks gently. When Taehyun shakes his head no, Yeonjun says, “that’s why we’re here now.”

He turns back to Kai and says, “Kai-yah. Think about it. How was he supposed to know?”

Kai shrugs with only one shoulder and buries his face in Soobin’s neck. Taehyun can see his chest rising and falling as he inhales deeply.

“Okay, well, we have to go soon,” Yeonjun says irritably, “so let’s hurry up and go. But I expect you two to make up later.”

After that, Yeonjun sends Soobin a Look. He probably thinks he’s being discreet, but all of them (especially Taehyun) know what it means: “We’re going to have a Talk.”

When they get home, Yeonjun gives them only a few minutes before he takes Kai and Taehyun and herds them into their shared room, and says, “talk.”

Taehyun takes one look at Kai and his throat feels like it’s closing. He thinks he could cry, but he’s all cried out. Kai must see something in his face because his face crumples. He reaches out to Taehyun, and Taehyun closes the foot of space between them to curl up in his arms.

Taehyun doesn’t usually get to feel small. Ever since debut he was treated like an adult- mature, and maybe a touch soulless. Kai has never made him feel that way. Kai has always loved him.

He isn’t crying, but his voice comes out high-pitched and strained. “Kai-yah,” he whimpers into Kai’s neck, “Kai-yah, missed you.”

“I’m sorry, Taehyunnie.” Kai holds him and rocks the two of them back and forth until Taehyun feels something wet trickling into his hair. Taehyun moves his head back to look at Kai’s face.

“I didn’t know.” Taehyun’s kissing the tears off of Kai’s cheeks, and Kai is laughing through his tears. “Hyuka-yah. Please forgive me?”

Kai giggles, even though it isn’t funny. “I’ll forgive you if you forgive me, Taehyun-ah.”

“Okay, I forgive you.”

“And you have to give me a kiss.” Kai pouts his lips at Taehyun, who obligingly kisses him. “And aegyo?”

Taehyun makes a face at him, but does cat ears for him.

“Another kiss, please.”

“Just one more,” Taehyun agrees. “Then we have to go out and spy on the hyungs. You saw that look, right?”

“I bet Soobin-hyung’s in trouble,” Kai laughs. “Yeonjun-hyung is

probably scolding him right now."

They peep out of the doorway and spy Yeonjun in Soobin's lap. Beomgyu's off to the side, eating and apparently enjoying the show.

"Soobin-ah," Yeonjun's saying, "you're not supposed to pick favorites."

"I didn't!" protests Soobin. "You know I didn't."

"That's not what I saw," Yeonjun says, pinching Soobin's cheek. When Soobin whines, Yeonjun leans down to nip at Soobin's neck. "Focus."

Soobin lets out a gasp. Beomgyu, sitting on the chair, leans forward a little bit. Kai inhales sharply, right next to Taehyun's ear.

"What happened?" Taehyun whispers urgently. "Kai-yah!"

"It smells like slick," Kai breathes out. "Both of them- slick. Smells like *omega*."

Taehyun rolls his eyes. "Not now!" They have a schedule early tomorrow. He runs out and separates Soobin and Yeonjun, dragging Kai along with him.

"Hyungs!" he exclaims. "Really? On the sofa? When we're working tomorrow?"

"Oops," Yeonjun says guiltily. He strokes Soobin's cheek softly. "Up, Soobin-ah."

"Cockblocker," Soobin sulks. "You're cockblockers, all of you." He holds his arms out and waits.

"You did this, hyung," Beomgyu says. "He's you're responsibility."

"Not necessary, Beomgyu-yah," Yeonjun calls back. "Okay, Soobin-ah. Kiss and make up with Taehyun and then we're going to bed."

"Taehyun-ah," Soobin says, nudging Taehyun's arm. "Taehyun-ah. Hyung's sorry. Hyung loves you. Kiss please?"

And how is Taehyun supposed to resist that?

"Love you too, Soobin-hyung." He kisses Soobin sweetly before asking, "can I nap on your thighs again? Hyung's thighs are *my* pillow."

"Okay, baby," says Soobin. "You're so cute, you know that?"

Kai pats Taehyun's tummy (his hand is finally where it belongs) and agrees.

End Notes

Please do not get mad at Soobin! He is a very sweet bean who just wanted to protect Kai. Kai was a little bit hurt. Tyunning are just being silly and not communicating. Don’t do this in real life!

Yes, I know they are in separate rooms now. This is my fanfiction and I’m choosing to rewrite the canon. (Also: I really suck at writing omegaverse. I keep forgetting to put in cues that show it's omegaverse. Also also: I’m projecting a ton. Taehyun is my projection doll).

Taehyun is technically Thursday's child and not Wednesday's child, but it's okay- he's still full of woe.

tumblr although I'm terrible at using it

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